

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$5 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 13

G. W. GREER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at the City Drug Store,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 41

E. F. RUSSELL,
NOTARY PUBLIC.
Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq., Third street,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 29

R. B. MORFORD,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

WILL practice in the several Courts of
the First Judicial District, and in the
Supreme Court. October 20, '62.

REED & GASTON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

J. H. REED having determined to con-
tinue the practice of his profession, has as-
sociated Mr. GASTON with him in business, and
they will give prompt attention to any legal
business entrusted to their care, in any of
the Courts of this Judicial District.
Office in same building formerly occupied
by Mr. Reed. August 18th, '62.

ORANGE JACOBS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will attend to business in the Courts of the
First Judicial District, and in the Supreme
Court. October 26-41.

B. F. DOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third
Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Ore-
gon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip prompt-
ly collected. Oct. 18.

Dan's Barber Shop.
Between Broadway & Wade's and El Dorado
Saloon, California street.

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Cur-
ling and Hair Dyeing. On hand and for
sale, a genuine article of Field's Hair Re-
storer, and Cristadoro's Excellent Hair Oil.

PETER BRITT,
Photographic Artist.

Is prepared to take pictures in every style
of the art, with all the late improvements.
If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no
charges will be made. Call at his new Gal-
lery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and
sit for your likeness.

L. H. DEWEY,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Keeps constantly on hand a
fine assortment of Clocks and
Jewelry, which he offers for
sale at very low prices, for
cash. REPAIRING—Clocks,
Watches and Jewelry repaired with prompt-
ness and warranted. Shop on California
street, two doors west of Love & Bilger's.
Jacksonville, July 26; 28

DR. CH. DESCH,
WALDO, JOHNSON COUNTY, OGN.

Dr. Desch is prepared promptly to attend
to the curing of all diseases according to
the treatment of Prof. F. V. RAMPALL, with-
out the use of Mercury, Arsenic, or any
poisonous drugs. For the past nine years
he has been a practitioner of medicine at
Crescent City, and is well satisfied that he
can give speedy relief to the afflicted who
may call on him. Ample arrangements for
Cold, Warm, Hot and Steam Baths.

ALEXANDER BUSWELL,
— PRACTICAL —

BOOK-BINDER,
PAPER-BINDER, and
Blank-Book Manufacturer.

517 Clay and 514 Commercial streets,
between Montgomery and Sansome,
SAN FRANCISCO.

Binding of every description neatly
executed; Blank Books ruled and Bound to
any desired pattern. 24y

EL DORADO SALOON,
P. H. LYNCH, Prop'r.

Corner California and Oregon Streets.

The Proprietor has just received from San
Francisco a choice assortment of fine

Wines, Liquors, Cigars,
ETC., ETC.

Drop in and test them. Dec. 10.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadel-
phia, Penna.—

For the relief of the Sick and Distressed Afflicted
with Virulent and Chronic Diseases, and
especially Diseases of the
Sexual Organs.
Medical Advice given gratis by the Act-
ing Surgeon. Valuable Reports on SPERMA-
TORRHEA or SEMINAL WEAKNESS, and other
diseases of the sexual organs, and on the
NEW REMEDIES employed in the Dispen-
sary, sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of
charge. Address
DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON,
Howard Association, No. 2 south Ninth st.,
April 26, '63y Philadelphia, Pa.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

I. O. O. F.—JACKSONVILLE LODGE No.
19, holds its regular meetings every SAT-
URDAY EVENING, at their Hall (Mc-
Cully's Theater building), at 7 o'clock.
Brothers in good standing are cordially
invited to attend. JAS. M. SETTON, N. G.
Geo. B. DOMING, R. Sec'y.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communi-
cations the Wednesday Evenings on
or preceding the full moon, in JACK-
SONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4,
— OF —
ROYAL ARCH MASONS,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will hold its regular communications on the
First Saturday Eve. of Every Month.
All sojourning Companions in good
standing are cordially invited to attend.
G. W. GREER, H. P.
L. SACHS, Sec'y. dec28/62

M. W. DAVIS. R. H. HAINES.

HAINES & DAVIS,
AUCTION AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,

Post Office Building.
REGULAR SALE DAYS.

Wednesdays and Saturdays.
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED

Jacksonville, Feb. 11, 1863. feb11

DUGAN & WALL,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,

Block Building, Cor. Front & 2 streets.
CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

WILL attend to the Receiving and For-
warding of all Goods entrusted to
their care, with promptness and dispatch.
Consignments solicited. Merchandise re-
ceived on storage.
Crescent City, April 19, 1862. 15
N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight
and charges are paid. D. & W.

BARGAINS!
BARGAINS!!
BARGAINS!!!

H. Bloom
Offers his entire stock of

WINTER DRY GOODS,
AT COST,

For Cash only.

The consists, in part, of
LADIES' Woolen Shawls,

CLOAKS, HOODS, NUBIAS,
French Merinos, Cashmeres,
Delaines, Poplins, Trimmings,

And all kinds of
FANCY GOODS

Of which I have a large stock on hand.

I will also sell all other Goods at VERY
LOW PRICES.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN are
cordially invited to come and examine my
stock before purchasing elsewhere, as I con-
sider it no trouble to show Goods.
Jacksonville, Jan. 10, 1862. jan10/62

WANTED.—1,000,000 pounds of Flour,
in exchange for goods, at
SACHS BROS'.

Why?

BY RICHARD SPOFFORD WILLIS.
Twenty millions held at bay!
Why, Northmen, why?
Less than half maintain the day!
Why, Northmen, why?
With the sturdy iron will,
With the pluck, the dash, the skill,
With the blood of Bunker Hill—
Why, Northmen, why?

Standing yet are Sumter's walls—
Why, Northmen, why?
Slumbering yet the avenging balls!
Why, Northmen, why?
Charleston left to rot at ease!
Richmond wanting as it please!
Traitor hands on every breast!
Why, Northmen, why?

Hear our wounded eagle wail!
Why, Statesmen, why?
See our spangled banner trail!
Why, Statesmen, why?
Coward England mocks our aim!
Courageously France shrugs disdain!
Cordial Russia throbs with pain!
Why, Statesmen, why?

By this force but fruitless fight,
Oul Leaders, oul!
By your waste of loyal might,
Oul Leaders, oul!
By the blood that soaks the sod,
By the brave that bore the load,
By the souls gone up to God!
Oul Leaders, oul!

By our Past, so bright-renowned,
Oul Northmen, oul!
By our Future, starry-crowned!
Oul Northmen, oul!
By the South, deceived, misled,
By our Hundred Thousand Dead,
Who for South and North have bled?
Oul Northmen, oul!

THE LAST OF THE CHIVALRY.—When
the bold paladin Pryor and the libulous
Wigfall seceded from the National Con-
gress, in haughty disdain, the admirers of
entire-thrust legislation sighed to think
that, in Washington, "the days of chivalry
had passed." Our Barkes—the eloquent
patriot, Ben Wood—remained to repeat
the melancholy reflection of his illustrious
prototype. The regret, it seems, was pre-
mature. Our National Councils were not
to be left entirely to the modells and the
wilt-burning Partisans. The little State
of Delaware, with about enough slaves to
stock a Carolina plantation, save us from
that deep mortification. She had within
her borders a Saulsbury, and, with a
rare and ready sense of the requirements of
the nation, she sent him to the Senate.
Considering the peculiar mission of Sauls-
bury, the selection was eminently fit to be
made. He must be contemplated as having
been sent to the Capital to keep alive the
remembrance of what we have lost. With-
out him we should have been in danger of
forgetting those gentlemanly courtesies
which distinguished the parliamentary bear-
ing of the Southern cavaliers. Though
lacking the intellect of Hammond and the
eloquence of Benjamin, Saulsbury could
drink as deep as Wigfall, spatter out
strong epithets with the energy of Toombs
and handle a revolver as deftly as Pryor.
And these truly chivalric qualities have
been freely displayed during two or three
sessions of the Senate with admirable effect,
serving to remind us forcibly of those
halcyon days when the National Congress
was the chosen arena of the Southern Or-
landes, when all legislation was carried on
under the uplifted battle-ax, and the North-
men were told to resist at their peril. If
the departed knights object to the breath-
ing of the copy, and think Saulsbury stretches
the character into caricatures, we can only
reply that secession has left us no choice;
he is our only performer in that line. Good
haste may quarrel with this grafting of the
manners of Sacerbo Panza upon the knightly
traits of Don Quixote; but the fanatical
conclave at Washington cannot discrimi-
nate; they accept Saulsbury as extremely
effective in the role of the "Last of the
Chivalry." When, after a free use of soda
water, he thunders "You can never subdue
the South," we can fancy the Senate cham-
ber alive with the echoes of Benjamin's
farewell speech. When he dilates upon the
constitutional rights of the traitors in arms,
we call to mind the intense anxiety of
Breckinridge upon the same point. When
he staggers upon the floor of the Senate
and slobbers out "Lincoln's zan imbe (hie-
clic)," he really surpasses the finest chivalric
inebriety of the late Senator from Texas.
But when he turns furiously on Charles
Somner and pelts that scholarly radical
with such elegant invectives as "chief, liar
and dirty Abolitionist," we feel confident
that while we have Saulsbury to illustrate
the dignity, courtesy and polish of South-
ern chivalry, we shall cease to regret that
Wigfall is at Richmond and Pryor in the
rear of a battered brigade. One feature
of the performance—the production of a
revolver and the threat to shoot the Ser-
geant-at-Arms—is a delightful imitation of
the winning manners of Philemon T. Her-

bert, who gloriously shot the Irish wa-e
at Willard's. Saulsbury's failing to shoot
was probably due to the enfeebling influence
of the last cocktail. It is not too late for
him to accomplish the crowning work of his
highly, career—assassination. He may
then leave for Richmond by the under-
ground railroad, gain admittance to the
rebel Congress as Senator from the Confed-
erate State of Delaware, receive the bless-
ing of Jeff Davis, and soothe his closing
hours with the reflection that when we went
from our gaze, chivalry was, indeed, no
more at Washington.—*Sacramento Union.*

A BRAVE ENGINEER.—George D— was
running the night express, and was some
thirty minutes behind time. My freight
train was waiting on the switch for him to
pass. He came on, about thirty-five miles
an hour, as near as I can judge, and I was
watching him all the time. He was within
about three times the length of the switch
—was blowing the whistle—when I saw
and he saw the switchman run nuddy
out of his shanty, grab the switch and turn
it so that it would run him directly in the
rear of my train. I jumped instinctively,
to start my engine—I heard him whistle for
brakes and those that stood near said that
he reversed his engine—but my train was
too heavy for me to move quickly, and he
was too near to do much good, by revers-
ing, so I soon felt a heavy concussion, and
knew that he had struck hard. For, at the
other end of forty-five cars, it knocked me
and the jar broke my engine loose from the
train. He might have jumped from his
engine with comparative safety after he
saw the switch changed, for the ground
was sandy there and free from obstruction;
he could easily have jumped clear of the
track and escaped with slight bruises.
But, no! Behind him, trusting to him, and
resting in comparative security, were hun-
dreds to whom life was as dear as to him;
his post was at the head; to the great law of
self-preservation, that most people put first
in their code of practice, his firm duty
required him to forewear allegiance, and to
act on the principle, "others first, myself
afterwards." So, with a heavey of heart
such as is seldom found in other ranks of
men, he stuck to his iron steed, transformed
then into the white steed of death, and
spent the last energies of his life, the
strength of his last pulse, striving to miti-
gate the suffering which would follow the
collision.

His death was instantaneous; he had no
time for regrets at leaving life and the friends
he loved so dearly. When we found him,
one hand grasped the throttle, his engine
was reversed, and with the other hand he
still held on to the handle of the sand-box
lever. The whole middle and lower por-
tion of his body was crushed, but his head
and arms were untouched, and his face still
wore a resolute expression, such as must
have lit up the countenance of Arnold
Winkelried, when crying, "Make way for
liberty!" he threw himself upon a shaft of
Austrian spears, broke the column of his
enemies.—[Ex.]

THE LEGEND OF HOLLY SPRING.—
Holly Springs, Mississippi, a place now
beginning to figure somewhat in the affairs
of the Great Rebellion, derives its name
from a legend that existed among the
Chickasaw Indians, who once inhabited
that region. I gathered the legend while
making a short sojourn in that part of Mis-
sissippi, some years ago.

Many years ago, a mighty Indian chief,
by the name of Shikola, dwelt on the grounds
where now stands the above named city.
He had a daughter whose name was Coila,
who was nimble as a fawn, graceful as a
fairy, and beautiful as the morning.

Coila was the pride of her nation; idol-
ized by her father, the chieftain—more
than idolized by the young braves, and
loved by all who knew her. To accom-
plish something that would give her pleas-
ure seemed to be the careful study of every
one; and many were the deeds of daring
marked upon the lodge-skins that, but for
her sake, would never have found a legiti-
mate record there.

Like all heroines in Indian stories, Coila
had a passionate suitor, and that suitor had
a bitter rival. Shikola the eagle wooed her,
because he was worthy of her hand. Co-
ailoma, the red fox, also loved her and
pressed his suit; but, as is often the case
with men who are not Indians, he was un-
successful. Shikola wedded the fair daugh-
ter of the forest, and Coailoma swore ven-
geance.

a resting place in the heart of the unsus-
pecting sleeper. Immediately following
the act, a weapon in the hands of a com-
panion sent death to the startled Coila.

The morrow was a sad day to the Chick-
asaws. Heaven put on its most angry
frown, and sent bolts of fire hissing through
the distant forests on the trail of the mur-
derers. Earth wept a fountain of tears
over the loss of her cherished angel; from
points on either side of Shikola's wigwam
these tears gushed forth in crystal purity,
and thence have continued to flow up to
the present time, and doubtless will con-
tinue to flow for all time to come. So
great was the loss that earth could not and
cannot be comforted. The blooming holly
saw her grief, and, with a view to reveal-
ing it, twined itself in clusters over the
fountains; from which cause, in later days,
they were called Holly Springs—a name
which was afterwards applied to the little
city that sprang up around them.

Strange and unreasonable as this legend
may appear, it is said that the Indians be-
lieved it as fully as does the Mussulman be-
lieve Mahomet to be the true prophet.

BOUNTY TO SOLDIERS.—In many of the
older States, soldiers have been induced to
enlist by reason of a State bounty of
one hundred dollars each in addition to
their regular pay from the Federal Govern-
ment. Would not Oregon show her regard
for the troops she is to furnish, as well as
her population, by offering a small bounty
to her enlisted soldiers? There is wealth
enough among the citizens of this State to
warrant her in liberally rewarding her sons
who represent her in the military service
of the country, while it is well known that
the small pay of troops by the Federal Gov-
ernment is not a strong inducement for the
men of Oregon to enlist, especially so long
as our mines are holding out as favorable
prospects. It would seem now impractica-
ble for the State Legislature to act in the
matter, not holding a session till next year.
But if some of our wealthy citizens could
be induced to lend a hand in making up a
bounty fund for this purpose, it would
greatly facilitate the labors of recruiting
officers among us, and we have little doubt
that the next State Legislature would come
forward and assume to pay the amount so
raised. Let our minded patriots take the
matter under advisement.—*Portland Times.*

PROSPERITY AND ITS DANGERS.—There
is no more pernicious ordeal through which a
man can pass—no greater curse which can
be imposed upon him as he is at present
constituted—than that of being condemned
to walk his life-long in the sunlight of un-
shaded prosperity. His eyes ache with
that too untempered brilliance—he is apt to
be smitten with a moral *coupe de soleil*. But
it is little known that no sunshine is good
for us. He who made us and tutors us,
alone knows what is the exact measure of
light and shade, sun and cloud, storm and
calm, frost and heat, which will best tend
to mature those flowers which are the ob-
ject of his celestial husbandry, and which,
when transplanted into the paradise of God,
will bloom there forever in amaranthine
liveliness. Nor can it be without presump-
tion that we essay to interfere with
these processes; our highest wisdom is to
fall in with them.—[*New York Examiner.*]

TWO UNSOPHISTICATED COUNTRY LADIES,
as visiting one of our city theatres,
great on the ballet, legs and things, and so
forth, had quite a time over it. When the
short-skirted, gossamer clad nymph made
their appearance on the stage, they became
restless and fidgety. "Oh Annie!" ex-
claimed one, *allo rose*. "Well, Mary?"
"It ain't nice, and I wonder aunt brought
us to such a place." "Hush, Mary, the
folks will laugh at you. After one or two
more flings and a promenade, the blushing
Miss said, "Oh Annie let's go—it ain't
nice, and I don't feel comfortable." "Ho
hush, Mary," replied the sister, whose own
face was scarlet, though it wore an air of
determination; "it's the first time I was
ever at a theatre, and I suppose it will be
the last, so I am just going to stay it out, if
they dance every tag off their backs!"

To Keep Babies Quiet.—As soon as the
squaller awakes, set the child up, propped
by pillows if it cannot sit alone, and smear
its fingers with thick molasses; then put a
half a dozen feathers into its hands, and the
young one will sit and pick the feathers
from one hand to the other until it drops
asleep. As soon as it awakes, more molas-
ses and more feathers; and in place of the
nerve astounding yells, there will be silence
and enjoyment.

**Boys fancy that bones, like fishes, are
made for scaling.** They also have an im-
pression that apples, lying around loose,
like fishes, are made for loaking.

A French writer calls dyspepsia the
'remorse of a guilty stomach.'